BERNARD MANDEVILLE

"The Grumbling Hive" and "A Search into the Nature of Society" (From The Fable of the Bees*)*

Bernard Mandeville (1670–1733) was a Dutch physician, prose writer, and social philosopher. After receiving his medical degree at the University of Leyden, Mandeville went to England, where he married and lived for the rest of his life. His best known work, *The Fable of the Bees; or, Private Vices, Publick Benefits* (1728), grew up as an extensive commentary on an earlier verse fable, *The Grumbling Hive: or, Knaves Turn'd Honest* (1705). In this poem, Mandeville explores the thesis that the subtitle of *The Fable of the Bees* proposes: private vices generate public benefits. The satisfaction of desires, the pursuit of selfish interests, the indulgence of appetites — these are the energies that fuel an active, productive society. In his own time, Mandeville was widely reviled as an advocate of "beneficial" vices such as pride, luxury, prodigality, and vanity. But he did not so much promote vice as satirize the hypocrisy that ignores the connection between what, within an ethical context, conventional morality denounces and, within an economic context, it celebrates. He explicates his propositions about society and human nature in "The Grumbling Hive," and in *The Fable of the Bees* analyzes society within a range of contexts: economic, sociological, and psychological. In the selection from "A Search into the Nature of Society" excerpted here, Mandeville explains, with characteristic skepticism, the psychosocial logic of an exchange between a mercer and his customer.

The text reprinted here is taken from *The Fable of the Bees*, with commentary by F. B. Kaye (Oxford, Eng.: Clarendon Press, 1925), vol. 1, 17–37 and 349–53.

The Grumbling Hive: or, Knaves *turn'd Honest.*

A Spacious Hive well stockt with Bees,
That liv'd in Luxury and Ease;
And yet as fam'd for Laws and Arms,
As yielding large and early Swarms;
Was counted the great Nursery
Of Sciences and Industry.

No Bees had better Government,
More Fickleness, or less Content:
They were not Slaves to Tyranny,
Nor rul'd by wild *Democracy*;
But Kings, that could not wrong, because
Their Power was circumscrib'd by Laws.

These Insects liv'd like Men, and all
Our Actions they perform'd in small:
They did whatever's done in Town,
And what belongs to Sword or Gown:°
Tho' th' Artful Works, by nimble Slight
Of minute Limbs, 'scap'd Human Sight;
Yet we've no Engines, Labourers,
Ships, Castles, Arms, Artificers,
Craft, Science, Shop, or Instrument,
But they had an Equivalent:
Which, since their Language is unknown,
Must be call'd, as we do our own.
As grant, that among other Things,
They wanted Dice, yet they had Kings;
And those had Guards; from whence we may
Justly conclude, they had some Play;
Unless a Regiment be shewn
Of Soldiers, that make use of none.

Vast Numbers throng'd the fruitful Hive;
Yet those vast Numbers made 'em thrive;
Millions endeavouring to supply
Each other's Lust and Vanity;
While other Millions were employ'd,
To see their Handy-works destroy'd;
They furnish'd half the Universe;
Yet had more Work than Labourers.
Some with vast Stocks, and little Pains,
Jump'd into Business of great Gains;
And some were damn'd to Sythes and Spades,
And all those hard laborious Trades;
Where willing Wretches daily sweat,
And wear our Strength and Limbs to eat:

16. *Sword or Gown:* To the military or to the learned professions.

(*A.*)° While others follow'd Mysteries,
To which few Folks bind 'Prentices;
That want no Stock, but that of Brass,
And may set up without a Cross;°
As Sharpers,° Parasites, Pimps, Players,
Pick-pockets, Coiners, Quacks, South-sayers,
And all those, that in Enmity,
With downright Working, cunningly
Convert to their own Use the Labour
Of their good-natur'd heedless Neighbour.
(*B.*) These were call'd Knaves, but bar the Name,
The grave Industrious were the same:
All Trades and Places knew some Cheat,
No Calling was without Deceit.

The Lawyers, of whose Art the Basis
Was raising Feuds and splitting Cases,
Oppos'd all Registers, that Cheats
Might make more Work with dipt Estates;°
As wer't unlawful, that one's own,
Without a Law-Suit, should be known.
They kept off Hearings wilfully,
To finger the refreshing Fee;
And to defend a wicked Cause,
Examin'd and survey'd the Laws,
As Burglars Shops and Houses do,
To find out where they'd best break through.

Physicians valu'd Fame and Wealth
Above the drooping Patient's Health,
Or their own Skill: The greatest Part
Study'd, instead of Rules of Art,
Grave pensive Looks and dull Behaviour,
To gain th' Apothecary's Favour;
The Praise of Midwives, Priests, and all
That serv'd at Birth or Funeral.
To bear with th' ever-talking Tribe,
And hear my Lady's Aunt prescribe;

45. (*A.*): These letters are intended to direct the reader to Mandeville's explications in various sections of the *Fable of the Bees* that follow the poem.
48. *without a Cross:* Without money; a cross was a small coin.
49. *Sharpers:* Cardsharps, con artists.
62. *dipt Estates:* Mortgaged estates.

With formal Smile, and kind How d'ye,
To fawn on all the Family;
And, which of all the greatest Curse is,
T' endure th' Impertinence of Nurses.

Among the many Priests of *Jove*,°
Hir'd to draw Blessings from Above,
Some few were Learn'd and Eloquent,
But thousands Hot and Ignorant:
Yet all pass'd Muster that could hide
Their Sloth, Lust, Avarice and Pride;
For which they were as fam'd as Tailors
For Cabbage, or for Brandy Sailors:
Some, meagre-look'd, and meanly clad,
Would mystically pray for Bread,
Meaning by that an ample Store,
Yet lit'rally received no more;
And, while these holy Drudges starv'd,
The lazy Ones, for which they serv'd,
Indulg'd their Ease, with all the Graces
Of Health and Plenty in their Faces.

(*C.*) The Soldiers, that were forc'd to fight,
If they surviv'd, got Honour by't;
Tho' some, that shunn'd the bloody Fray,
Had Limbs shot off, that ran away:
Some valiant Gen'rals fought the Foe;
Others took Bribes to let them go:
Some ventur'd always where 'twas warm,
Lost now a Leg, and then an Arm;
Till quite disabled, and put by,
They liv'd on half their Salary;
While others never came in Play,
And staid at Home for double Pay.

Their Kings were serv'd, but Knavishly,
Cheated by their own Ministry;
Many, that for their Welfare slaved,
Robbing the very Crown they saved:
Pensions were small, and they liv'd high,
Yet boasted of their Honesty.

85. *Jove:* The chief god in the Roman pantheon (Zeus in Greek mythology).

Calling, whene'er they strain'd their Right,
The slipp'ry Trick a Perquisite;
And when Folks understood their Cant,°
They chang'd that for Emolument;
Unwilling to be short or plain,
In any thing concerning Gain;
(*D.*) For there was not a Bee but would
Get more, I won't say, than he should;
But than he dar'd to let them know,
(*E.*) That pay'd for't; as your Gamesters do,
That, tho' at fair Play, ne'er will own
Before the Losers what they've won.

But who can all their Frauds repeat?
The very Stuff, which in the Street
They sold for Dirt t'enrich the Ground,
Was often by the Buyers found
Sophisticated with a quarter
Of good-for-nothing Stones and Mortar;
Tho' *Flail* had little Cause to mutter,
Who sold the other Salt for Butter.

Justice her self, fam'd for fair Dealing,
By Blindness had not lost her Feeling;
Her Left Hand, which the Scales should hold,
Had often dropt 'em, brib'd with Gold;
And, tho' she seem'd Impartial,
Where Punishment was corporal,
Pretended to a reg'lar Course,
In Murther, and all Crimes of Force;
Tho' some, first pillory'd for Cheating,
Were hang'd in Hemp of their own beating;°
Yet, it was thought, the Sword she bore
Check'd but the Desp'rate and the Poor;
That, urg'd by meer Necessity,
Were ty'd up to the wretched Tree
For Crimes, which not deserv'd that Fate,
But to secure the Rich and Great.

121. *Cant:* Slang or jargon.
148. *Hemp of their own beating:* Prisoners were put to work beating hemp to make ropes.

Thus every Part was full of Vice,
Yet the whole Mass a Paradise;
Flatter'd in Peace, and fear'd in Wars,
They were th' Esteem of Foreigners,
And lavish of their Wealth and Lives,
The Balance of all other Hives.
Such were the Blessings of that State;
Their Crimes conspir'd to make them Great:
(*F.*) And Virtue, who from Politicks
Had learn'd a Thousand Cunning Tricks,
Was, by their happy Influence,
Made Friends with Vice: And ever since,
(*G.*) The worst of all the Multitude
Did something for the Common Good.

This was the State's Craft, that maintain'd
The Whole of which each Part complain'd:
This, as in Musick Harmony,
Made Jarrings in the main agree;
(*H.*) Parties directly opposite,
Assist each other, as 'twere for Spight;
And Temp'rance with Sobriety,
Serve Drunkenness and Gluttony.

(*I.*) The Root of Evil, Avarice,
That damn'd ill-natur'd baneful Vice,
Was Slave to Prodigality,
(*K.*) That noble Sin; (*L.*) whilst Luxury
Employ'd a Million of the Poor,
(*M.*) And odious Pride a Million more:
(*N.*) Envy it self, and Vanity,
Were Ministers of Industry;
Their darling Folly, Fickleness,
In Diet, Furniture and Dress,
That strange ridic'lous Vice, was made
The very Wheel that turn'd the Trade.
Their Laws and Clothes were equally
Objects of Mutability;
For, what was well done for a time,
In half a Year became a Crime;
Yet while they alter'd thus their Laws,
Still finding and correcting Flaws,

They mended by Inconstancy
Faults, which no Prudence could foresee.

Thus Vice nurs'd Ingenuity,
Which join'd with Time and Industry,
Had carry'd Life's Conveniencies,
(*O.*) It's real Pleasures, Comforts, Ease,
(*P.*) To such a Height, the very Poor
Liv'd better than the Rich before,
And nothing could be added more.

How Vain is Mortal Happiness!
Had they but known the Bounds of Bliss;
And that Perfection here below
Is more than Gods can well bestow;
The Grumbling Brutes had been content
With Ministers and Government.
But they, at every ill Success,
Like Creatures lost without Redress,
Curs'd Politicians, Armies, Fleets;
While every one cry'd, *Damn the Cheats*,
And would, tho' conscious of his own,
In others barb'rously bear none.

One, that had got a Princely Store,
By cheating Master, King and Poor,
Dar'd cry aloud, *The Land must sink*
For all its Fraud; And whom d'ye think
The Sermonizing Rascal chid?
A Glover that sold Lamb for Kid.°

The least thing was not done amiss,
Or cross'd the Publick Business;
But all the Rogues cry'd brazenly,
Good Gods, *Had we but Honesty*!
Merc'ry° smil'd at th' Impudence,
And others call'd it the want of Sense,
Always to rail at what they lov'd:
But *Jove* with Indignation mov'd,
At last in Anger swore, *He'd rid*

221. *sold Lamb for Kid:* The merchant sold gloves made out of lambskin at the price of the more costly kidskin.

226. *Merc'ry:* Mercury, the Roman messenger god, a trickster god of the crossroads, of travel, thievery, and commerce (in Greek myth, Hermes).

The bawling Hive of Fraud; and did.
The very Moment it departs,
And Honesty fills all their Hearts;
There shews 'em, like th' Instructive Tree,
Those Crimes which they're asham'd to see;
Which now in Silence they confess,
By blushing at their Ugliness:
Like Children, that would hide their Faults,
And by their Colour own their Thoughts:
Imag'ning, when they're look'd upon,
That others see what they have done.

But, Oh ye Gods! What Consternation,
How vast and sudden was th' Alteration!
In half an Hour, the Nation round,
Meat fell a Peny in the Pound.
The Mask Hypocrisy's flung down,
From the great Statesman to the Clown:
And some in borrow'd Looks well known,
Appear'd like Strangers in their own.
The Bar° was silent from that Day;
For now the willing Debtors pay,
Ev'n what's by Creditors forgot;
Who quitted them that had it not.
Those, that were in the Wrong, stood mute,
And dropt the patch'd vexatious Suit:
On which since nothing less can thrive,
Than Lawyers in an honest Hive,
All, except those that got enough,
With Inkhorns by their sides troop'd off.

Justice hang'd some, set others free;
And after Goal delivery,
Her Presence being no more requir'd,
With all her Train and Pomp retir'd.
First march'd some Smiths with Locks and Grates,
Fetters, and Doors with Iron Plates:
Next Goalers, Turnkeys and Assistants:
Before the Goddess, at some distance,
Her chief and faithful Minister,

250. *The Bar:* The legal profession.

'Squire CATCH,° the Law's great Finisher,
Bore not th' imaginary Sword,
But his own Tools, an Ax and Cord:
Then on a Cloud the Hood-wink'd Fair,
JUSTICE her self was push'd by Air:
About her Chariot, and behind,
Were Serjeants, Bums° of every kind,
Tip-staffs,° and all those Officers,
That squeeze a Living out of Tears.

Tho' Physick liv'd, while Folks were ill,
None would prescribe, but Bees of skill,
Which through the Hive dispers'd so wide,
That none of them had need to ride;
Wav'd vain Disputes, and strove to free
The Patients of their Misery;
Left Drugs in cheating Countries grown,
And us'd the Product of their own;
Knowing the Gods sent no Disease
To Nations without Remedies.

Their Clergy rous'd from Laziness,
Laid not their Charge on Journey-Bees;°
But serv'd themselves, exempt from Vice,
The Gods with Pray'r and Sacrifice;
All those, that were unfit, or knew
Their Service might be spar'd, withdrew:
Nor was there Business for so many,
(If th' Honest stand in need of any,)
Few only with the High-Priest staid,
To whom the rest Obedience paid:
Himself employ'd in Holy Cares,
Resign'd to others State-Affairs.
He chas'd no Starv'ling from his Door,
Nor pinch'd the Wages of the Poor;
But at his House the Hungry's fed,

269. *'Squire CATCH:* For almost two hundred years after his death in 1686, Jack Ketch was used as a generic name for any public executioner. The historic Jack Ketch was notorious for his blundering inefficiency.

275. *Bums:* Bumbailiff, an assistant to a sheriff who has the power of arrest.

276. *Tip-staffs:* Bailiffs or constables, who carried a staff with a metal tip as a sign of office.

289. *Journey-Bees:* Bee analogues to journeyman parsons or curates.

The Hireling finds unmeasur'd Bread,
The needy Trav'ler Board and Bed.

Among the King's great Ministers,
And all th' inferior Officers
The Change was great; (Q.) for frugally
They now liv'd on their Salary:
That a poor Bee should ten times come
To ask his Due, a trifling Sum,
And by some well-hir'd Clerk be made
To give a Crown, or ne'er be paid,
Would now be call'd a downright Cheat,
Tho' formerly a Perquisite.
All Places manag'd first by Three,
Who watch'd each other's Knavery,
And often for a Fellow-feeling,
Promoted one another's stealing,
Are happily supply'd by One,
By which some thousands more are gone.

(*R.*) No Honour now could be content,
To live and owe for what was spent;
Liv'ries in Brokers Shops° are hung,
They part with Coaches for a Song;
Sell stately Horses by whole Sets;
And Country-Houses, to pay Debts.

Vain Cost is shunn'd as much as Fraud;
They have no Forces kept Abroad;
Laugh at th' Esteem of Foreigners,
And empty Glory got by Wars;
They fight, but for their Country's sake,
When Right or Liberty's at Stake.

Now mind the glorious Hive, and see
How Honesty and Trade agree.
The Shew is gone, it thins apace;
And looks with quite another Face.
For 'twas not only that They went,
By whom vast Sums were Yearly spent;
But Multitudes that liv'd on them,
Were daily forc'd to do the same.

323. *Brokers Shops:* Pawn shops.

In vain to other Trades they'd fly;
All were o'er-stock'd accordingly.

The Price of Land and Houses falls;
Mirac'lous Palaces, whose Walls,
Like those of *Thebes*, were rais'd by Play,°
Are to be let; while the once gay,
Well-seated Houshold Gods would be
More pleas'd to expire in Flames, than see
The mean Inscription on the Door
Smile at the lofty ones they bore.
The building Trade is quite destroy'd,
Artificers are not employ'd;
(*S.*) No Limner for his Art is fam'd,
Stone-cutters, Carvers are not nam'd.

Those, that remain'd, grown temp'rate, strive,
Not how to spend, but how to live,
And, when they paid their Tavern Score,°
Resolv'd to enter it no more:
No Vintner's Jilt° in all the Hive
Could wear now Cloth of Gold, and thrive;
Nor *Torcol* such vast Sums advance,
For *Burgundy* and *Ortelans*;°
The Courtier's gone, that with his Miss
Supp'd at his House on *Christmas* Peas;
Spending as much in two Hours stay,
As keeps a Troop of Horse a Day.

The haughty *Chloe*, to live Great,
Had made her (*T.*) Husband rob the State:
But now she sells her Furniture,
Which th' *Indies*° had been ransack'd for;
Contracts th' expensive Bill of Fare,
And wears her strong Suit a whole Year:
The slight and fickle Age is past;

345. *rais'd by Play:* In Greek legend, the walls of the city Thebes were raised by lyre music played by Amphion. Mandeville puns on "play" here, referring both to playing music and to gambling.
357. *Tavern Score:* The bill, or tab, run up at a tavern.
359. *Jilt:* Mistress.
362. *Burgundy and Ortelans:* Types of wine.
370. *th' Indies:* Either the West Indies (the Caribbean) or the East Indies (Asia). Jamaican mahogany was highly prized for furniture, and Japanese and Chinese lacquered goods were very fashionable.

And Clothes, as well as Fashions, last.
Weavers, that join'd rich Silk with Plate,
And all the Trades subordinate,
Are gone. Still Peace and Plenty reign,
And every Thing is cheap, tho' plain:
Kind Nature, free from Gard'ners Force,
Allows all Fruits in her own Course;
But Rarities cannot be had,
Where Pains to get them are not paid.

As Price and Luxury decrease,
So by degrees they leave the Seas.
Not Merchants now, but Companies
Remove whole Manufactories.
All Arts and Crafts neglected lie;
(*V.*) Content, the Bane of Industry,
Makes 'em admire their homely Store,
And neither seek nor covet more.

So few in the vast Hive remain,
The hundredth Part they can't maintain
Against th' Insults of numerous Foes;
Whom yet they valiantly oppose:
'Till some well-fenc'd Retreat is found,
And here they die or stand their Ground.
No Hireling in their Army's known;
But bravely fighting for their own,
Their Courage and Integrity
At last were crown'd with Victory.

They triumph'd not without their Cost,
For many Thousand Bees were lost.
Hard'ned with Toils and Exercise,
They counted Ease it self a Vice;
Which so improv'd their Temperance;
That, to avoid Extravagance,
They flew into a hollow Tree,
Blest with Content and Honesty.

The Moral.

Then leave Complaints: Fools only strive
(X.) To make a Great an Honest Hive
(Y.) T' enjoy the World's Conveniencies,
Be fam'd in War, yet live in Ease,

Without great Vices, is a vain
EUTOPIA° *seated in the Brain.*
Fraud, Luxury and Pride must live,
While we the Benefits receive:
Hunger's a dreadful Plague, no doubt,
Yet who digests or thrives without?
Do we not owe the Growth of Wine
To the dry shabby crooked Vine?
Which, while its Shoots neglected stood,
Chok'd other Plants, and ran to Wood;
But blest us with its noble Fruit,
As soon as it was ty'd and cut:
So Vice is beneficial found,
When it's by Justice lopt and bound;
Nay, where the People would be great,
As necessary to the State,
As Hunger is to make 'em eat.
Bare Virtue can't make Nations live
In Splendor; they, that would revive
A Golden Age, must be as free,
For Acorns,° as for Honesty.

From "A Search into the Nature of Society"

To me it is a great Pleasure, when I look on the Affairs of human Life, to behold into what various and often strangely opposite Forms the hope of Gain and thoughts of Lucre shape Men, according to the different Employments they are of, and Stations they are in. How gay and merry does every Face appear at a well-ordered Ball, and what a solemn Sadness is observ'd at the Masquerade of a Funeral! But the Undertaker is as much pleas'd with his Gains as the Dancing-Master: Both are equally tired in their Occupations, and the Mirth of the one is as much forced as the Gravity of the other is affected. Those who have never minded the Conversation of a spruce Mercer,[1] and a young Lady his Customer that comes to his Shop, have neglected a Scene of Life that is very Entertaining. I beg of my serious Reader, that he would for a while abate a little of his Gravity, and suffer me

6. *EUTOPIA:* In Greek, literally "nowhere"; an ideal place.
25. *For Acorns:* Acorns are a conventional staple in the diet of the mythical Golden Age, a time before the corruptions of agriculture, industry, agriculture, and commerce.
[1] *Mercer:* A shopkeeper who sells fine fabrics.

to examine these People separately, as to their Inside and the different Motives they act from.

His Business is to sell as much Silk as he can at a Price by which he shall get what he proposes to be reasonable, according to the Customary Profits of the Trade. As to the Lady, what she would be at is to please her Fancy, and buy cheaper by a Groat or Sixpence *per* Yard than the Things she wants are commonly sold at. From the Impression the Gallantry of our Sex has made upon her, she imagines (if she be not very deform'd) that she has a fine Mien and easy Behaviour, and a peculiar Sweetness of Voice; that she is handsome, and if not beautiful at least more agreeable than most young Women she knows. As she has no Pretensions to purchase the same Things with less Money than other People, but what are built on her good Qualities, so she sets her self off to the best Advantage her Wit and Discretion will let her. The thoughts of Love are here out of the Case; so on the one hand she has no room for playing the Tyrant, and giving herself Angry and Peevish Airs, and on the other more liberty of speaking kindly, and being affable than she can have almost on any other occasion. She knows that abundance of well-bred People come to his Shop, and endeavours to render her self as Amiable as Virtue and the Rules of Decency allow of. Coming with such a Resolution of Behaviour she cannot meet with any thing to ruffle her Temper.

Before her Coach is yet quite stopp'd, she is approach'd by a Gentleman-like Man, that has every thing Clean and Fashionable about him, who in low obeisance pays her Homage, and as soon as her Pleasure is known that she has a mind to come in, hands her into the Shop, where immediately he slips from her, and through a by-way that remains visible only for half a Moment with great address entrenches himself behind the Counter: Here facing her, with a profound Reverence and modish Phrase he begs the favour of knowing her Commands. Let her say and dislike what she pleases, she can never be directly contradicted: She deals with a Man in whom consummate Patience is one of the Mysteries of his Trade, and whatever trouble she creates, she is sure to hear nothing but the most obliging Language, and has always before her a chearful Countenance, where Joy and Respect seem to be blended with Good-humour, and altogether make up an Artificial Serenity more engaging than untaught Nature is able to produce.

When two Persons are so well met, the Conversation must be very agreeable, as well as extremely mannerly, tho' they talk about trifles. While she remains irresolute what to take he seems to be the same in

advising her; and is very cautious how to direct her Choice; but when once she has made it and is fix'd, he immediately becomes positive, that it is the best of the sort, extols her Fancy, and the more he looks upon it, the more he wonders he should not before have discovered the preeminence of it over any thing he has in his Shop. By Precept, Example and great Application he has learn'd unobserv'd to slide into the inmost Recesses of the Soul, sound the Capacity of his Customers, and find out their blind Side unknown to them: By all which is he instructed in fifty other Stratagems to make her over-value her own Judgment as well as the Commodity she would purchase. The greatest Advantage he has over her, lies in the most material part of the Commerce between them, the debate about the Price, which he knows to a Farthing, and she is wholly Ignorant of: Therefore he no where more egregiously imposes on her Understanding; and tho' here he has the liberty of telling what Lies he pleases, as to the Prime Cost and the Money he has refus'd, yet he trusts not to them only; but attacking her Vanity makes her believe the most incredible Things in the World, concerning his own Weakness and her superior Abilities; He had taken a Resolution, he says, never to part with that Piece under such a Price, but she has the power of talking him out of his Goods beyond any body he ever sold to: He protests that he loses by his Silk, but seeing that she has a Fancy for it, and is resolv'd to give no more, rather than disoblige a Lady he has such an uncommon value for, he'll let her have it, and only begs that another time she will not stand so hard with him. In the mean time the Buyer, who knows that she is no Fool and has a voluble Tongue, is easily persuaded that she has a very winning way of Talking, and thinking it sufficient for the sake of Good-breeding to disown her Merit, and in some witty Repartee retort the Compliment, he makes her swallow very contentedly the Substance of every thing he tells her. The upshot is, that with the Satisfaction of having saved Ninepence *per* Yard, she has bought her Silk exactly at the same Price as any body else might have done, and often gives Sixpence more, than, rather than not have sold it, he would have taken.

It is possible that this Lady for want of being sufficiently flatter'd, for a Fault she is pleased to find in his Behaviour, or perhaps the tying of his Neckcloth, or some other dislike as Substantial, may be lost, and her Custom bestow'd on some other of the Fraternity. But where many of them live in a Cluster, it is not always easily determin'd which Shop to go to, and the Reasons some of the Fair Sex have for their choice are often very whimsical and kept as a great

Secret. We never follow our Inclinations with more freedom, than where they cannot be traced, and it is unreasonable for others to suspect them. A Virtuous Woman has preferr'd one House to all the rest, because she had seen a handsome Fellow in it, and another of no bad Character for having receiv'd greater Civility before it, than had been paid her any where else, when she had no thoughts of buying and was going to *Paul*'s Church: for among the fashionable Mercers the fair Dealer must keep before his own Door, and to draw in random Customers make use of no other Freedom or Importunities than an obsequious Air, with a submissive Posture, and perhaps a Bow to every well-dress'd Female that offers to look towards his Shop.

The Story of Inkle and Yarrico

One of a number of Inkle and Yarrico poems, plays, songs, ballets, novels, and operas composed in England, France, and Germany during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, this short poem illustrates the sentimentalization of slavery that begins with Steele's retelling of Richard Ligon's short anecdote (*True and Exact History . . . of Barbadoes*, 1674) in *Spectator* No. 11 (see p. 192). Although there was not as yet anything like an abolitionist movement in England, this sentimental discourse becomes a key propaganda tool for that movement in the last decades of the eighteenth century, largely under the auspices of William Wilberforce (1759–1833). Slavery was abolished in England's colonies in 1834. In this early verse narration, sentimentality is used chiefly as an ethical weapon against Inkle's perfidious betrayal of the woman who loved him, rather than against the condition of slavery itself.

A most moving TALE from the *Spectator*.[1] Attempted in VERES by The Right Hon. the Countess of * * * *[2]

A Youth there was possess'd of every charm,
Which might the coldest heart with passion warm;
His blooming cheeks with ruddy beauty glow'd,

[1] *Spectator*: No. 11 (see p. 192).
[2] *Countess of* * * * *: The identity of this author is not known.